The City Sleeps

Charles Mulford Robinson

THE CITY SLEEPS

By

CHARLES MULFORD ROBINSON

Author of
"Modern Civic Art" "Rochester Ways"
"The Improvement of Towns
and Cities" etc. etc.

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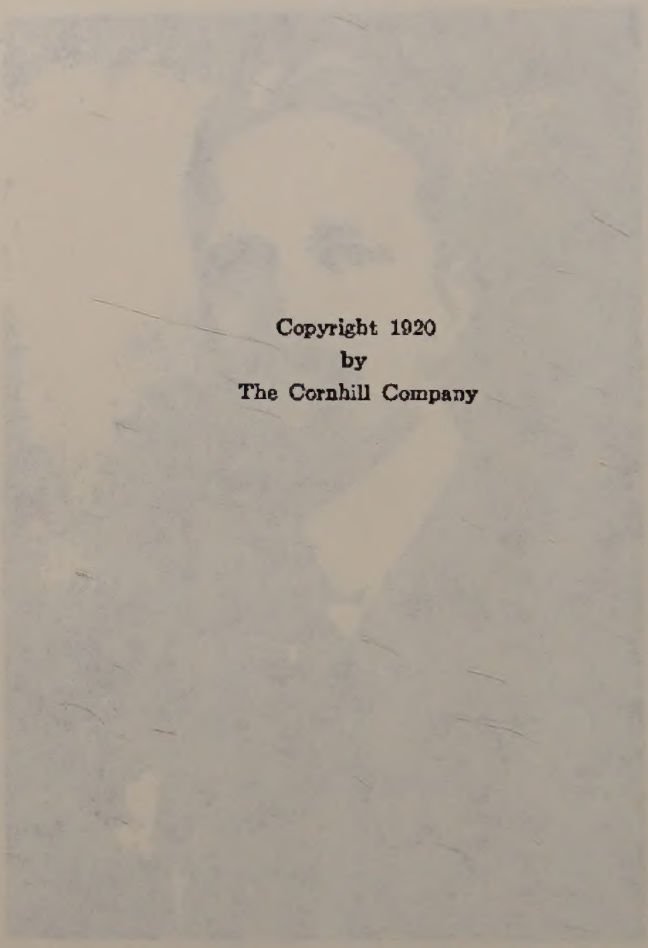
Charles Mulford Robinson



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CONTENTS

	Page
The City Sleeps	3
Sed Ministrare	5
The Song of Peace	11
Eden Regained	14
Greeting the New Year	16
Love in Venice	18
Serenade from "Dream Camp"	20
A Serenade	21
To Love	22
The Violin	23
Christmas Presents	24
First Love	27
To These Lines	28
My Country	30
Moving	32
Lullaby	34
Christmas Hymn	36
Sunday School Christmas Song	37
Easter Carol	39
Traveling	40
Street Car Horse	42
Lent	44
New Year's Resolutions	46
New Year's	47
Christmas	48
Class Day Poem	50

GRANDMOTHER'S BALL DRESS 54
A BALLAD OF THE SEA 56
THE FIELDS OF FLANDERS 58
THE DANUBE 59
RIVERSIDE DRIVE 60
THE SKY-SCRAPER 61
THE UPLAND MEADOW 63
HYMN FOR CHILDREN'S DAY 65
THE BIG TREES IN MUIR WOODS, CALIFORNIA 66
SUN RISE 67
PERFECT LOVE 68
WINNIE DAVIS 69
THE WALTZ 71
A RAG-BAG 72
THE TIRELESS SENTINEL. 74
WHEN PHYLLIS IS IN TOWN 76
GOING AWAY 78
THE REPLY 80
PREMEDITATED SUICIDE 82
KISSING 84
AUTUMN DAYS AND DAWN 86
ALUMNI AND COMMENCEMENT 88
THE LOOK OF LOVE 90
HER OPAL RING 91
TO MY LOVE 92
A LUNAR TELEPHONE 93
MY CASTLE 94
WITH SOME ROSES 95

The New Year 96
Sunset 99
Idol Repairing 100
Vacations 102
Summer and Laziness 104
Paths (Footprints) 106
Trees and Spring Foliage. 108
The Pen 110
The Maid of the Mist 111
The Wind on the Prairie 112
Stars 113
The Four Winds. 114
October-Walking, Sunsets and Death . 116
Hope and the New Year 118
Summer and Autumn 120
October 122
Easter and Christmas 124
Longevity, Age and Death 127
Tombs 129

THE CITY SLEEPS

THE CITY SLEEPS

THE CITY SLEEPS

The city sleeps and dreams, and dreams are sweet.
How dark and still the street!
    At peace the citizens all silent lie;
    There is no restive eye;
    The breath is calm, no hurried feet go by,
Night falls, and rest is sweet.

The strife and struggle of the garish day,
The world of work and play,
    The turmoil and the fighting — all is past.
    Nor loves nor hates outlast
    The wondrous shadow of the truce that's cast
When night puts all away —

As if the citizens were only boys
Grown tired of tasks and toys,
    And seeking loving mother's knee, that there,
    With bedtime kiss and prayer,
    They might forget the daylight's little care
And surfeiting of joys.

THE CITY SLEEPS

O peaceful stars, compassioning, watchful eyes,
Make low the lullabies
    That in vast unison the planets sing;
    Let them wake not, nor bring
    Too soon the pitiless, mad dawn on wing
That, gleaming, stirs the skies!

And thou, pale moon, pass on with silent tread —
Thou'st seen the world to bed.
    Do ye, mild winds, snuff out her little light
    With big clouds, soft and white,
    As she upon the sleeping world shuts tight
The door, her "good night" said.

And ye, black rivers, rolling to the sea,
Roll on most quietly,
    Lest ye may wake the city, lying still,
    Unconscious of the ill
    Or good the morrow may bring forth to fill
Its cup, — blest mystery!

And last, O Father of the world, look down
With smile, and not with frown,
    And bless the city proud and rich and great.
    Forgot is its estate,
    In childlike innocence, immaculate,
It sleeps — Thy peace its crown!

SED MINISTRARE

When heroes died in olden days,
  Valkyries, hov'ring o'er the fight,
Received the knights with love and praise,
  And courage came into its right.
Nor passed there with each chieftain dead
  So much of bravery out of earth.
The sons of men, by mem'ry fed,
  Required not other brav'ry's birth;
They fought like sons, and fought as men
  Who would leave sons to fight again.

For when a hero thus has passed,
  Immortalized by tale and song,
Earth has not known of him the last:
  In battle's front he still is strong
To point the way and do the deed.
  Inspiring by the part he played,
He's present, in the hour of need,
  To quicken pulse that is afraid.
So sire still fights in arm of son
  And sons can do, for sires have done.

And there were some who even thought
  That swords, which heroes might not take

To far Valhalla, yet had caught,
And held, for their new owners' sake,
The spirit that had made of old
Their masters brave. And so the son
Was doubly strong and doubly bold
Whose sword had other battles won.
He was, than single hero, more,
Since one was in the sword he bore.

Then came the time when Christ was born
'Mid lilies' beauty, o'er the sea,
When death lay dead at Easter morn
And love was strong through Galilee.
Then swords were sheathed and peace was dear,
And something else than brutal might —
A baby's smile, a woman's tear,
A strong man's honor — settled right.
To God, to country, and oppressed
Was service of the sword addressed.

And now in novel form was wrought
The hilt which rose o'er sheath and sword.
The lesson that the Master taught
Was seized in spirit, and adored.
A cross he grasped who drew his blade;
And in that sign of sacrifice,
Of love, and pity, there was made
Reminder, that with honor dies

He only who has spent to aid
Just cause his life, or drawn his blade.

So rose the shout of "Holy War,"
And knighthood, roused by preacher's cries,
Puts spurs to steed, that nevermore
Should Pagan hold the place where lies
The tomb in which, in sleeping death,
The Prince of Peace had found his rest.
There Saracen wrought fearful death;
But thrice the knights returned, since blest,
Who won or died, was he whose blade
Was stained with blood of a crusade.

And if he died they bore him home,
And while his lady wept sad tears
They carved his image on his tomb
And crossed the legs, that through the years
All men might know that here one lay
Who had been brave, and quick to hear
The Christ-call that was far away;
And so, without reproach or fear,
Gave up his life. To-day men read
And honor still the knightly deed.

As setting sun still gilds or paints,
With ruddy hue or fading blush,
The earth's last point — what spire of saints,

Or tower of king, or dome, it touch —
So, with like glow in hearts of men,
Though centuries have rolled between,
We see the love of God again
And men as brave as they have been;
As quick to hear in hour of need
Crusader's call to knightly deed.

Why, then, turn back to other times
And why seek courage in the grave?
Does love know aught of years and climes,
Has pity ceased, are men less brave?
Behold how soon a nation's heart
Responds to suff'ring's strain and sigh.
As once to tears of slav'ry's mart,
Again we raise a ringing cry:
Christ died to make men better; we
As twice before will make men free!

The ancients thought that men of war
Still loved in death to watch the fight,
Or that a sword which hero bore
Was stronger for another's might.
So now, in our own time, we know
That sires and grandsires blessings give
To those love-roused to strike the blow
That makes men free and bids them live.

Again in hist'ry's stirring page
Is youth's reveille blown by age.

Those men who fired the shot world-heard,
That here men should for aye be free;
And those who wrote the magic word
In blood, where Southern slaves could see —
The past and present, ev'ry bar
Of crimson on our flag, is shout
To rise once more in freedom's war;
To throw the ancient banner out.
Ourselves, and those we bound, made free;
Our swords shall serve humanity.

* * * * * * * * *

How fair through all the years have gazed,
With sweet and tender smile, those saints
Whom painters drew, when art was raised
And heaven, loving him who paints,
Drew back her veil! Not now in line
Unconscious of perspective's claim
We paint; and yet we note how fine
Their skill. Their soul makes just their fame.
They saw so much we marvel yet
And look beyond what they forget.

Time changes spirit of crusade
As it does art — in form. The rest

Is love, is soul. We still grasp blade
  In wish our Saviour's grave to wrest
From hands unholy. Not of stone
  The tomb we find. If ere there be
A heart that breaks, a needless moan,
  There seek we Christ, assured that He
    Counts him a hero, dubs him knight,
    Who strives another's wrong to right.

So, when the clarion bugles call,
  When soft words fail, and men must gain
With sword, right, freedom, truth, and all
  That makes life full — then, then, again
Comes brave reply. The swords leap forth;
  The heroes of Valhalla speak;
The cry of "Holy War" rings forth,
  For now Christ-crucified, we seek! —
    A nation lifts twice hallowed blade;
    The world salutes a fourth crusade!

THE SONG OF PEACE

Isaiah: XXVI, 3.

A prophet, taking up a harp, leaned over it,
And thumbed sweet music from its strings,
And sang these words, in half unconscious revery,
Which God's own angel whispered in his soul: "Him Thou
Wilt keep in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

The passing breezes caught the words and bore them on
Their wings, the field flowers bent their heads at hearing them,
The brook inserted them into its song, and dried
Leaves whirling on its restless tide knew peace must come.
The forest trees repeated it in mighty song,
The rivers bore the message to the peaceless sea,
And ocean pounded out on rocky shore, "Him Thou
Wilt keep in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

A weary trav'ler paused to lay his burden down,
And saw the heav'ns don their sable robes of cloud
To mourn the day, and fallen leaves float silent on
The stream which flowed, like time, unceasingly.
He sighed;
But while he lingered, lo! a glory in the West,
The red and gold of setting sun; and he could see
The grasses bend to whispered words divine —
"Him Thou
Wilt keep in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on
Thee."

* * * * * * * * *

Love walked through shady paths where, far above,
the trees,
Like love, hold hands in silent ecstacy and hide,
With leafy boughs, the beating hearts beneath.
Then slowly in the ev'ning sky the lovers' moon
arose
And pierced the tracery with light, and saw the tears
Which fall when love remains and hope has died.
To earth
Its pale beams fell in tears of sympathy,
And swaying branches sang this requiem: "Him
Thou
Wilt keep in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on
Thee."

THE CITY SLEEPS

A poet wand'ring restless on the ocean beach
Beheld the stars. God's beacons, gleam out singly in
The sky's blue deeps; and saw in each far distant light
An unfilled dream of youth, a goal still unattained
And mourning cried, "Ah, life is but a peaceless sea;"
When, lo! He heard the ocean chant the words: "Him Thou
Wilt keep in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

The dying sun, the moon, the stars repeat the words
To youth and age, to sorrow and to wearied hope,
And send, on beams of light, the message which the breeze
Had caught from trembling strings of prophet's harp and borne
In endless cycle through the restless world, "Him Thou
Wilt keep in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

EDEN REGAINED

A poet wrote of that lost Paradise
Which deeply veiled in ancient shadow lies.
With mournful verse and sad regret, he told
The tale of Eden, closed by sins of old.
But as he ceased his verse, a hope broke through —
Perhaps there's yet an Eden, — strive anew!

We know, indeed, the angel, Eden left,
Enjoined the heav'nly chorus he'd bereft
And later woke the world on Christmas morn
With "Peace, Goodwill on earth; the Christ is born!"
Hence men may seek for Eden not in vain
Since Christ, in coming, op'ed its gates again.

In manger bare where infant Christ-child lies
Men seek and find again their Paradise.
Our hope still centers on that tiny form,
That Baby-voice which rules the wind and storm;
Which bids the heavy-ladened rest
And find the Eden of the poet's quest.

Why, else, brought wise men presents afar?
Why shone o'er Bethlehem that wondrous star?

Who was it died, that came not to destroy?
What is it gives to burning martyrs joy?
Oh, Light divine, with holy sacrifice,
Thou hast, indeed, brought back our paradise.

Dear Eden of the poets, fair wert thou;
But fairer is the Eden granted now.
Like Enoch, we must toil its joys to win
Yet, at the end, we, too, shall enter in.
A bird we, too, may find; but ours the dove,
Flown from God's throne, in symbol of His love.

"Still Eden's choirs through all our music sing;
Still Eden's scents to all our blossoms cling;
Still Eden's voices through our poets flow;
Still Eden's colors on our canvas glow;"
For all we find that's most divine in men
Just proves Christ in us; Eden is our's again!

GREETING THE NEW YEAR

Hope and gladness
Banish sadness
Father Time's new child is born.
Heir of ages,
He presages
Brilliant noon to follow morn.

Soft the pillows,
Snowy billows,
Where he lies, all pure and fair.
Winds are singing
Blessings bringing,
Fruit of Old Year's dying care.

Stars were bending
Low, pretending
Guard to keep about the child.
Darkness flying
Old Year dying
Dawn has kissed him, Day has smiled.

Let us greet him,
Smiling meet him;
Welcome, New Year, born to-day!

Great past stories
Mean new glories,
Thou shalt higher lead our way.

Hope sustaining,
Fear disdaining,
We accept thy promise bright.
Old Year's crosses,
Griefs and losses,
All were buried yesternight.

Wondrous birthday!
Justly mirth day.
For the world begins anew!
Hail him, crown him,
Naught shall down him,
Here's to New Year! Joy to you!

LOVE IN VENICE

Love, on this summer night, thou at my side,
Trusting our gondolier, slowly we glide.
Silent the stars shine out, throbbing with love,
O'er us Venetian walls tower far above.

Rocked on the water's breast, where gleam like gold
Tears that the stars have dropped for years of old,
Bridging eight hundred years, we two, alone,
Guess what the stars have seen — care for each stone.

Splendid old palaces! Dim they appear.
Night hides their ancient fronts, clouds shed a tear,
Winds kiss the marble brows where sunbeams played,
Where love through bright eyes shone and gladness made.

Now all in gloom is still, fair years have died.
Night drops her mourning veil; soft winds have sighed.
But on their ling'ring sigh, list, Love, a breath
Whispering, "love is here — love fears not death!"

Under the Bridge of Sighs, see how we came
Out on the broad lagoon — life is the same
Past the dark prison walls, narrow the way —
Love comes! Behold, our stream widens, a bay!

Now the old palaces no longer loom
Over our dainty bark, casting a gloom.
Far off they faintly show where love had been;
But here the star-gemmed waves hold thee, my queen!

SERENADE FROM "DREAM CAMP"

Softly retreating the shadows,
Chasing each other at will,
Flee from the stab of the moonbeam
Playing on casement and sill.
Silently fly, oh, ye shadows!
Silently dance, oh, ye beams!
There a fair maiden is sleeping,
There my beloved one dreams.

Gently the breezes are blowing,
Bending the trees as they pass.
Softly the dew, in descending,
Kisses the flowers and the grass.
Silently fall, oh, ye dewdrops!
Silently blow, gentle breeze!
There a fair maiden is sleeping —
Quietly bend, oh, ye trees!

A SERENADE

Gentle breeze of ev'ning, hasten thou to bring
Sweetest slumber, brightest visions, while I sing.
Whisper sweet, with dream words, in my loved one's ear
That she sleepeth safely for her lover's near, —
Yes, in deep dreams murmur stilly that her lover's near.

Shining stars of heaven, golden orbs of night,
Be her pure protectors with thy softened light.
Gently rest, my loved one; sleep till day doth break,
Stars are bending o'er you — watching, wide awake,
Heaven itself a guard is keeping — keeping till you wake.

Sweetly slumber, loved one, happy dreams be thine.
Angels whisper softly of this love of mine.
Dream of fairy castles, dream of joy untold,
Dream until the dawning paints the East with gold;
Dream, and know on waking that only half was told.

TO LOVE

Hail to Love as it enters now,
Welcome Love, welcome Love!
May it strong and tender grow —
Gentle breezes ever blow,
May it trouble never know,
Hail to immortal love!

Welcome love! welcome love!
Hail to immortal love!

Chorus

Hail to love in its purity.
Welcome love, welcome love.
May it firm, confiding be.
May it bind in sympathy,
Then 'twill keep its majesty,
Hail to immortal love!

Welcome love! welcome love!
Hail to immortal love!

Chorus

THE VIOLIN

"There is a tradition that as the mother of Paganini was dying he held his violin to her lips to receive her last breath, and that always in the tones of that instrument thereafter he heard the voice of his mother." We should like to think that the spirit of a loved one were sighing through the chords of every violin. There is no instrument so plaintive, so pathetic and almost human as the violin. In its beautiful quivering notes, its long drawn sighs, or the wild *abandon* of its spirit there is something more than the throbs of an instrument. It is the hardest instrument to master, but one that the whole world loves, for the something that breathes through it, that sighs and sings through the quivering strings and appeals to the heart of man.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

A great deal has been written and said about the degeneration of Christmas through the lavish interchange of costly presents. The extravagance of the age, we hear, has ruined the spirit of Christmas; and a few pessimistic persons think to make themselves notable by deploring the existence of any Christmas at all. With long faces they cry that they have so many friends that Christmas quite ruins them, you know. Poor things! They are the ultra-fashionable to whom amusement is a bore, exertion a hardship, and acquaintances a nuisance. But the complaint does not stop there. Parents bewail the fact that their children want $4 toys instead of candy-canes or 25-cent pieces; and that the modern Christmas costs a great deal more than the Christmas of thirty or forty years ago. But it is no less Christmas. Indeed if one were to go way back to the first Christmas day he would find the Christmas of to-day more like that than were the celebrations of a generation ago. What if our presents are costly, are they more so than those that the wise men brought from the East? What if the music in our churches is extravagant in its beauty, is it as beautiful as the song of the angels on the first Christmas day?

And what if we do show our love for dozens of friends, did not the angels proclaim good will to men—all men? The first Christmas is the only model that the world has got, but because our celebrations are costly and elaborate now, and consist in more than eating and drinking, we cannot say that the spirit is lost. But you long-faced pessimists, who find yourselves ruined by the purchase of silver-backed hair brushes, and souvenir spoons for your dozens of friends, and who look upon Christmas merely as a distorted product of fashion's whim, caring nothing for its religious origin, suppose you consider the day in a worldly manner and compare its "degeneration" to the changes in the rest of the world. Is not life more expensive than forty years ago? If your children have the very good taste to prefer a $4 talking-doll to a ten-cent-candy-cane is it not due to their bringing up? Yes, you may flatter yourselves that you have trained them well. They prefer watches that go, diamonds to paste, and sparrows' brains to sparrows' wish-bones! Christmas has only changed with the rest of the world, and if you lack the Christmas spirit, it is your fault, not the world's. And if you buy presents handsomer than you can afford you are no whit better than he who lives beyond his means, and runs into debt for a tandem to be like Thomas, Richard, or Harry Van de Couter Smyjth.

You deserve to be miserable. The poor do not want your costly presents, and the very rich can afford to ignore the cost, if only love,—the hardest thing for the rich to buy,—goes with it. In his last "Easy Chair" in Harper's, and almost in its last words, George William Curtis said, "You cannot buy Christmas at the shops, and a sign of friendly sympathy costs little." The great mass of people know this and never dreamed of buying Christmas. It is only a little coterie of the would-be fashionables who, worshiping money, find that its Christmas bankrupts Crœsus, and cries for a reform. Use as much common sense in your Christmas as you use in other things, and even if Christmas does not prove a blessing, it will not prove a bore.

FIRST LOVE

And so you've come back to me, dearest of dears!
The months of your absence have seemed to me years,
But now we're together we never will part;
You're mine and I'm yours. Take your place at my heart.

How pretty you are in your dainty white dress!
Such beauty I did not suspect, I confess,
Of course your fair spirit and heart I well knew,
But, darling, your beauty is external too.

The little gold threads that figure your gown,
Your straight little back and your little gold crown
Are ravishing, dear; and I know that you'll be
The talk of the town till it's jealous of me.

Each thought in your being, each word you would say,
Is yet what I think and just what I'd say;
And so, though you're silent, I hear; and I look
With joy at you, darling — my first printed book.

TO THESE LINES

Good-bye, dear child. A pleasant trip!
I would that I went too.
But don't come back again, I beg —
Home's no place for you.

Go, see New York. I pay the bill,
And here's your homeward fare.
But if they'll keep you in the town,
Just stay — for I shan't care!

And you'd best stay; for if you don't,
To Boston you shall go,
And if you then come back again —
To Phila., which is slow.

And then to busy towns out West
You'll go all travel worn.
You'll sorry be if you return
To mock me with their scorn!

I'd like to make these trips myself —
Rejoice that I send you.
But when you meet the editor,
Oh, mind each p. and q.

Good-bye. Be good, be bright;
Stand steady on your "feet".
Seem clever, wise, and don't come back —
Win fame and fortune, Sweet!

MY COUNTRY

My country, 'tis of thee,
With signs on every tree,
Of thee I sing.
Land where our fathers died
Ere cure-alls loud were cried
From every mountain side,
As now they ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the lettered tree,
Thy words I love.
I love thy liver pills,
Thy woods with cures for ills,
My heart in rapture thrills
For purer blood.

Specifics swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
In morbid song.
And Heinz's beans stay baked,
Pabst beers Milwaukee make,
And rocks their silence break
To right what's wrong.

Three Sss for the blood,
Sapolio cleaning mud —
    What things I read!
Long have thy children cried
"Castoria" from barn side —
Oh, country, with what pride
    I view thy greed!

MOVING

Moving is one of those things in which a very little goes a great way. The weather has been perfect, and movers are thankful for that. It is one of those little things, like "the last straw," that does not seem of prime importance, and yet has ever so much influence. A tragedy in the sunshine of high noon is never quite so dreadful as in a dismal rain or at murky night; and moving is very like a tragedy. It is most distressing to tear down one's Lares and Penates; realize how one's interests, aims, and affections change — even one whose boast is consistency — and to see the dust that has gathered on the back side of some of those dear things! And it gives one a pang to see the sifted out and newly burnished household gods away from their old household, out of their environment; and a heartache to visit again that cleared out shell that was once — whether amid palaces or ever so humble — home. It makes you feel so like a really homeless wanderer. And then it is dreadful to have to wear dusty clothes and have dirty hands and face for days, to eat pie on a trunk, and search two houses for a hair brush, to spend the restful evening hours on a stepladder hammering nails — both finger and tenpenny; and

to tear up old letters. At night, these fair May nights, one who has moved feels like a transplanted tree, with just about as many limbs as a tree ought to have, and all of them weary.

LULLABY

I

While the stars are all blinking, the tree tops all nod,
And the mother sings low to her love,
Then the baby-moon sleeps with its head on a cloud
And the angels bring dreams from above:
Then the wind whispers low as it hurries along,
And it covers the little moon tight, —
But she peeks from the clothes, for she loves the wind's song
And she throws to the earth a "Good Night."

Sleep well, little moon, on your soft downy bed
For the night so soon passes away.
And the wee candle-star that now shines at your head
Will go out with the coming of day!

II

There's a fair little child that is falling asleep
While the moon lies so still on the sky,
And the same angels guard o'er the two sleepers keep
And the wind sings the same lullaby.
But the angels must cherish the little child best
For they speak in the dear mother-kiss,

And the songs which she sings to the child on her
breast
Are something the baby-moons miss.

Sleep well, little child, while the mother is near,
For too soon you'll outgrow lullabies,
And it won't be so easy to shut out all fear
When then closing your tired little eyes.

CHRISTENING HYMN

For J. A. S.

Jan. 12, 1908.

Jesus, Saviour dear,
Thou wast once a child.
Thou dost love the little children,
In Thine arms Thou'st held and blest them —
Lo, a child waits here!

Bless her Jesus dear —
See, we hold her up!
As of old Thou blest the children
Put Thine arms around this baby —
Bless her, Saviour dear!

Jesus, Saviour dear,
When a little Son
Think how guarding Mother loved Thee,
Yet God kept his watch above Thee —
Guide this little one.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHRISTMAS SONG

In a lowly manger, far across the sea,
Lay the baby Jesus, on His Mother's knee.
In His home above us greatly must He love us
To have come to earth a little babe to be.

Chorus

Christmas, happy Christmas,
This our birthday song:
Let us be good children
And do nothing wrong.

Wise men came to visit baby Jesus fair,
Kings gave birthday presents when they saw Him there.
Angels sang above Him. All the angels love Him;
We must show the baby Jesus that we care.

Chorus

In the lowly manger baby Jesus lay
As a Christmas present to the world that day.
Never was He dearer, yet He was no nearer
Than He always is when little children pray.

Chorus

Little Christmas Jesus, once a child like me,
Help me to be loving, good, and kind like Thee;
Always to be pleasant,
That shall be my present
For the baby Jesus on His mother's knee.

Chorus

Christmas, happy Christmas,
This our birthday song:
We will be good children
And do nothing wrong.

EASTER CAROL

Death is conquered, love has triumphed,
Storm old death with fairest flowers;
    Raise aloft the Easter chorus:
    Death is conquered, Christ is for us,
Living, ever He is ours!

White clad Easter lilies whisper
Glorious hopes the angels gave:
    Trusting wholly, fear defying,
    Love lives on through pain and dying,
Christ is risen from the grave!

Winter passes, spring is with us,
Flowers are pushing where was snow,
    Still love conquers. Shout the chorus:
    Death is vain since Christ is for us,
Christ who triumphed long ago!

TRAVELING

A writer says that no one outside of a railroad ticket office can have any idea of the number of "mental travelers" that there are, of the mental trips that one's friends and neighbors are constantly taking in one direction or another by means of time tables and free guides. The collecting of railroad literature becomes a mania with some, and they study the pamphlets, excursion books, and so on with a detail that gives them as complete and perfect a knowledge of the places they visit only in their minds as though they had actually been there. — "They can discourse fluently upon the hotels and principal sights of the city, even tell you of the trains and the connections they make, or describe the small stations through which they passed in going there." And what a delightful way to travel it is, to be sure! No heat, no dust, no missed connections. And so cheap. The trains are never late, unless you wish that they would be; and a seat in a drawing room car costs you no more than a seat in the day coach. You may eat what you please at the stations, or go into the dining car. You never have to wait for a place, and never have to leave anything for lack of time. Your trunks are always on the train with you,

the weather is always perfect. You have the most beautfiul views, get vistas of curving track that you never would see on a real train, and can drive to the hotel in a carriage. You are even better off than Peter Ibbetson with the beautiful Duchess of Towers, for he must have had rain sometimes, though he could not feel it; while you cannot even see it. Who that can make of his easy chair a private car, to carry him whither he pleases, would care to board a stuffy, crowded, joggling, dusty, real railroad coach and pay for the privilege? Oh, wise and happy travelers, to whom change of scene is so much easier than change of air, travel far and merrily, for the world is yours, and be envied of those dull, unimaginative persons who are restless but can only see things, combinations of matter, and whose spirits their bodies truly imprison.

STREET CAR HORSE

The passing of the horse, his disappearance as a motive power, has been sadly overlooked. The pean of the still plodding tow path mule has been sung, the obituary of the last horse car has been written, the memorial of the stage coach, horses, and driver has been penned; but who has thought to commemorate in fitting words or deeds the retirement from our streets of the last car horse? It is a task for better pen than ours. We would not have back the car horse now. The supple, spineless, unfeeling electric fluid is a thousand times better than he, and yet how we miss the lazy trot of the horse, his patient amble, the gentle tinkle of his little bell, the undressed look of his puffing sides — as unadorned with harness as a dancer's limbs with skirts! And what a gentle beast he was! It was a sight to draw the tears of men and angels to see him strain at starting, but once the car was rolling how chipperly he skipped along! Few fancy steps were his, but there were no loiterings by the way side, there was no nibbling of grass and bark. Thoughtful and yet happy at the consciousness of duty done, his very face was an inspiration to us questioning, grumbling, dissatisfied human laborers. In the straight and

narrow path he trotted on, hardened to all the noises of the street, taking torpedoes on the track and flying switches with unruffled grace — without ambition, without discouragement, his passage through our thoroughfares could not, indeed, be called rapid transit, nor was it the transit of Venus, but certainly it was a providentially arranged transitory embodiment, for the teaching of mankind, of abstract patience!

LENT

The deeper, more serious side of Lent is one to be felt, not written of. Society has discovered the season's utilitarianism and for forty days makes piety fashionable from rational rather than emotional motives. But there is a good deal of the latter, and as the days are kept in quietness, abstinence and thought, does not the true Lenten spirit creep where we thought the shadow lay alone? And something of the holy calm comes into the soul tired with worldly gaiety, comes in so still and slowly that we can scarcely say just when it comes or how it goes. The wild rush of life; the stampede for honor, riches, and position; is slightly lessened. The momentum of the year's turmoil, race, and struggle bears us onward for a while, but without adequate further impetus it lessens, and into the blessed calm of Passion week the most unecclesiastical of us slips without serious jar. Self-communion in an easy chair is a great restraining power, and the feet that sped over waxen floors turn readily to the straight and narrow path, and mansions in the sky take the place in thought of dream castles in dreamy Spain. A little inward reflection reveals an inward world greater, grander, more important than the world to which

we give so many of our days, of our waking and sleeping thoughts, and it is almost a pity that the forty days of Lent should be so brief. But we are in the world for action, and so we must return to the work and world; and Lent—in the cycle of the months—is but a reminder that the work must be good in itself and have a worthy object. The self denial becomes thus not wholly selfish, and Lent becomes a season borrowed from the whirling days and months in which to make psychical repairs.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

One hears less now than formerly about New Year's resolutions. Ridicule, cartoonists, and paragraphers are, no doubt, killing the custom; but probably in the privacy of their own hearts people make as many good vows as ever. To speak of the vows would be to court laughter; but one can resolve to reform and break the resolution and no one be the wiser, if nothing is said. In the aggregate the good resolves made on the year's birthday, and one's own birthday, must have quite a beneficent influence upon us; but they are very unimportant compared to the daily, unceremonious, and often unthought-out resolutions of life. It is only our imagination that attaches supreme importance to them.

NEW YEAR'S

Now that New Year's Day is past one feels that the corner has been turned, and nobody doubts that spring is coming and finally lovely summer. But the really significant change took place several days ago. After the hours of daylight had been growing shorter and shorter, there came at last a little hesitation, the shortest day, and then a minute more of sunshine. And that precious minute was the corner stone of the year to come, the first victory after many defeats, the first gain that light had made over darkness, in the long losing combat. It proved that the laws of the heavens could be depended upon, that light would conquer darkness, that warmth would overcome the cold, and that flowers would bloom where now is snow. The new year marks the turning point for men, but nature had already turned; and the twilight, that comes a little later now and that lingers each evening a little longer when the sky is clear, is a promise of victory, written in scarlet and gold, where all men may see, and read, and learn to hope.

CHRISTMAS

It is human nature to want to be happy, and happiness is the main thing that men pursue, day in and day out, all the year round. It may be called by various names, as righteousness, honor, power, and wealth, but whatever its name it is happiness of some kind or other. Through the whole year, except Christmas day, the prize is sought in a human way. The contestant runs and runs to reach the end of the rainbow. He doesn't mind tripping up other people who threaten to pass him, and he never takes time to stop and admire the scenery as he hastens by. He does not even wait to catch his breath, and every little stone in his path, or small ascent, he magnifies an hundred fold because he thinks it delays him. And all the time the end of the rainbow seems just before him, like the mirage of a desert oasis, and he sees other runners tumbling into it and picking up bags of bliss. But when, breathless, he overtakes these fellows, he finds that the end of the rainbow is still ahead, and that what he thought were bags of bliss are only stones, which the runners are throwing out of their way. They, too, see phantom runners reaching the phantom goal, and when he who thought them phantoms reaches them, they try to trip him up,

and so prevent his reaching the end of the rainbow. And he pushes them back, and they wrestle in the path, and seem, to those who are far behind, to be tumbling into the arc of promise! It is a weird, strange race, and little the wonder that the runners do not reach the goal. There are a few who take things easily, who do not worry about the goal, but who, sitting by the wayside, see the rainbow colors all about them, and are perfectly content. But these men are very few. Now, on just one day in the year, new rules govern the race. The contestants try to help, instead of to delay, one another. They try to make others happy instead of winning happiness for themselves; and lo! A miracle happens. The end of the rainbow comes to them. On no day in the year are so many people happy as on Christmas day, and yet on that day human rules are suspended and we try to make others happy. When a star's light shines through the atmosphere it is refracted to one side, and if we looked directly toward the star nothing would brighten the darkness. But look to one side of the star, and the star appears; try to win happiness for others and you win it for yourself. It is the great rule given divinely to those who cannot escape the social law of refraction; and yet only on one day of the year is it followed by all—and that is Christmas Day.

CLASS DAY POEM

Bertram-like the poet slept,
  Or seemed to sleep and saw
A weeping spirit-maiden stand
  And hesitate to draw
So near, though, with uplifted hand,
  She pleaded love, not awe.

Oh, beautiful the vision was,
  And like two stars her eyes
From tender, liquid depths shone out,
  And laughed at his surprise,
Until a wandering cloudlet doubt
  Passed where the star beams rise.

The poet started in his sleep.
  "Oh fair one, cease to mourn!"
The vision turned, but as the sun
  Begems the dews of morn,
A tender smile seemed just begun --
  Then died as it was born.

She passed, and other visions came;
  But none so fair as she
Who, in the moment that she paused,

Had smiled entreatingly,
And left him wondering what had caused
Her going mournfully.

Then, arms outstretched, the poet cried,
"Oh, come to me again,
I fain would see thy smile once more,
And chase away thy pain;
Would feel thy presence as before,
And make thee queen, to reign."

He listened, and the place was filled
With low and plaintive chords,
The throbbing of the harpstrings they,
Almost like human words;
And then they slowly passed away,
Like notes of soaring birds.

Enrapt the dreamer stood, and lo!
Just as the last strain died,
A voice rang out, clear, pure and sweet,
He felt her at his side!
He listened, kneeling, at her feet:
And thus the vision cried:

"In vain thou ask'st. It cannot be:
Thine own ideal am I,
The offspring of thine eager heart —

A wish, a yearning sigh
Uncaptured by the sculptor's art
And only born to die!"

She sobbed; he felt her hot tears fall,
But ere he could embrace
The vision in his loving arms,
She vanished from the place:
Yet turned, and showed once more her charms,
The smile upon her face.

Up rose the poet with new zeal,
New purpose in his eyes.
No dreamer, now, upon his knees;
But running for a prize!
Yet ever, as her hand he'd seize,
The vision onward flies!

And evermore the pleading look,
The tear-dimmed April smile,
Impelled him on o'er life's rough ways;
Or mountain or defile.
So, eager, scorning human praise,
He pressed on, mile by mile.

At length the path abruptly ceased;
Foot-sore and weary grown,
Where at its edge Death's river flows,

He fell with dying moan.
Beyond, the lovely vision rose,
And knew him as her own!

And lo! across the sombre waves
Straight to his side she sped,
And she, for whom he'd done his best,
But who had ever fled,
Now on her fair, soft, heaving breast,
With tears, had laid his head —

His head, now moist with dews of death;
While on his brow she wound
The leaves of laurel and of bay,
And with her arms around
Him thus, though dead, he lay
A Poet Victor-Crowned.

GRANDMOTHER'S BALL DRESS

Touch it with dainty fingers, lift it with loving care;
Shake out the soft folds gently fearing the lace may tear.
Long has it slept forgotten — grandmother's party dress,
Dreaming of balls and weddings, dreaming her old success.

Notice the flowers embroidered over the thin white skirt;
Somebody's hands were tireless, somebody's eyes were hurt.
Short is the waist — a hand's breadth, yet it is figured too.
How many stopped to notice, — grandfather, say, did you?

Grandfather does not answer, portraits must silent be.
But surely the dress remembers whether 'twas that night he
Danced with the girl who wore it, whispered his love and heard
Just a faint breath in answer, wonderful little word!

Look, even now this whisper flutters the film of lace?
Sees it in us the sequel to grandfather's earnest face?
That is too much to ask it; what can a wee dress know
Save that a sweet girl wore it, once in the long ago?

Beautiful brown haired maiden, plenty of beaux around
Trying to win her favors, desperate when she frowned;
Beautiful eyes that sparkled, heart that was ever warm,
That is the way it knew her, bound to her tall, slight form.

Prithee, sweet Juliana, weren't you a little vain
Under the lamps aswinging, so many beaux in train,
(Splitting your dances bravely, smoothing your dainty gown,
Knowing that it was pretty,) even with beaux cast down?

Grandmother's grandchild wears it. Some one has asked a dance.
He is an old beau's grandson, seeking the beau's lost chance.
After the dance is granted — Ah, the old dress will dream
Still of sweet Juliana, still of an old love dream.

A BALLAD OF THE SEA

I

"Fair West wind when you leave me,
Blowing over the sea,
Sing him my song of evening,
Bid him 'Good Night' for me;

"Tell him I held you an instant
Tight in my loving arms,
Gave you a kiss, insistent,
Though you defied my charms;

"Fill out his sails then, dear one,
With soft breath calm the sea,
Whisper my prayers and fearing —
He'll know that you came from me."

II

Swiftly seaward sped the love fraught breeze,
Fast and faster still it blew,
Till the great blue waves were white with foam
Where its flying feet broke through.

And the vessel bearing the dear one
  Scudded swift before the gale,
With its decks all cleared for solemn rites,
  And the wind behind its sail.

But the captain ordered, 'all sails down'
  And the wind no longer blew —
It had caught the ship, and calmed the sea,
  And had other work to do.

And the captain ordered, 'Hands on deck,'
  And the anchor dropped at eve.
So the anchor dropped at set of sun,
  When the stars its watch relieve.

Like a phantom ship the vessel lay
  In the quiet, twilight sea;
And the stars bent low o'er sailless yards
  Which the waves rocked dreamily.

At the starboard rail the sailors met
  And the captain said a prayer,
For the dear one's form was cold and still
  Though the wind still tossed its hair;

And they let him down with sailor's tears,
  For the sea's the sailors' grave,
But the wind still moaned or whispered low
  Love thoughts to the shrouding wave.

THE FIELDS OF FLANDERS

The long straight fields of Flanders
Are white no more with grain;
We are sowing them with crosses
And tears fall as the rain.

Though laborers are many,
The crops too slow mature,
For the harvest sought in Flanders
Is peace that shall endure.

We sow the fields with crosses —
Each cross a resting place
Where God's peace touches Flanders
To fill a little space.

Those spots of growing number,
All wet with women's tears,
Must bring at last from Flanders
The harvest of the years.

THE DANUBE

Far up in the Schwartz-wald region,
A white cloud kissed the earth;
And the tears it shed at parting,
To a pure, clear stream, gave birth.

The hills were all grim and solemn,
The rustling trees too proud
To notice the little streamlet,
Born of a weeping cloud.

But thoughtless it flowed on, laughing;
The pain which gave it birth
Had made it, by Love's own magic,
A river of ceaseless mirth.

Until, where the green fields broaden,
The stream more placid grows;
And seeking the blue sky's image,
You see where the Danube flows.

RIVERSIDE DRIVE

River mists and skies of blue,
Distant hills of changing hue,
Whiffs of salt, a square rigged sail,
Craft that leave in smoke a trail;—
Splendid city, mighty stream,
Morning walks that seem a dream
Where a snowy, sculptured mass
Whispers "Courage" as you pass.

THE SKY-SCRAPER

Massive and gaunt,
A thing to haunt
One's dreams on a restless night,
Your walls tower high
To scrape the sky
And steal from the street its light.

Shadowy, grim,
A peril dim
That shuts out the stars and sun,
You cast a shade
To make afraid—
Behold, what a deed we've done!

Yet you belong,
So bold and strong,
To things that must stir the heart.
Your walls arise
To touch the skies—
Sprung up from the busy mart.

In you I see
The bold, the free,
The courage to spread the wing.

So they aspire
With souls afire
Who scorn to the earth to cling.

Then bid me rise
To storm the skies,
Progressing from mart to star;
From gloomy ways
My head to raise
Like yours,—where the calm lights are.

And give me might
To face the night
Or breast the relentless storm,
As calm as you,
As patient, true—
Unshaken, with heart as warm.

THE UPLAND MEADOW

With canter, gallop, and head-toss we plunge through the sunbathed air—
The scent of grass in our nostrils, the wind at play in our hair.
The clouds are dancing before us, the shadows chase o'er the plain,
Then on, and up to the corner, and back to the fence again!

With canter, gallop, and head-toss, in proof that the day is ours,
We kick up the dust behind us, we stop and pluck at the flowers.
We look far down to the valley and sigh for folk who must work—
Then on—a race to the corner, and back, with the stop a jerk!

Or limbs grown tired in the gallop, we browse where the clover grows;
We steep ourselves in its sweetness, in beauty take our repose.

The crack of whip and the sharp command—bridle, check, and rein
Are far away. We are masters now. Ah, what a life to gain!

They can't know life who just labor, ne'er shaking the traces free
Nor reaching upland meadows, with broader vision to see
How cramped the shadowy valley where the roads are narrow, while here
There's all the pasture to run in, where sun and the stars are near.

Then on, and up to the corner, and back to the fence again!
The clouds are dancing before us, the shadows are in the plain!
With canter, gallop, and head-toss we plunge through the sunbathed air,
The scent of grass in the nostrils, behind us a kick for care!

HYMN FOR CHILDREN'S DAY

Jesus, loving Jesus,
  Children come to Thee
    Marching and singing,
    Lovingly bringing
  Flowers gay to see.
Jesus, loving Jesus,
  Children come to Thee.

Jesus, loving Jesus,
  All the world's in flower.
    June is at brightest,
    Hearts are at lightest —
  Bless this happy hour.
Jesus, loving Jesus,
  Children come to Thee.

Jesus, loving Jesus,
Though we're weak and frail,
Round us is Thine arm
Guarding us from harm —
  Thou wilt never fail,
Jesus, loving Jesus,
  When we come to Thee.

THE BIG TREE IN MUIR WOODS, CALIFORNIA

Straight, out of the shadow, rises round, brown arm
to Thee,
Strong, lithe and up-straining, expressing the heart
of a tree.
High, far in the sun-light, Thy smile on the up-
turned head,
God, hear prayer from the forest and song from the
cañon bed.

SUNRISE

The sun arose in his glory,
Majestic, and grand, and slow—
The king of earth and the heavens
Looked down on the earth below.

About him clouds in attendance,
Awaiting their king's command,
Arrayed in scarlet and purple,
With lances of gold in hand.

A mist arose from the valley—
As smoke from the victims slain
On Nature's numberless altars
For her lord and his mighty train.

The trees bent their heads in silence,
The wind blew a trumpet blast,
And heralds, riding white horses,
Sped over the heavens fast.

The sun had come in his glory,
And Nature was all aglow—
As—king of earth and the heavens—
He gazed on the world below.

PERFECT LOVE

Look into my eyes, my Love, and say good-bye.
Love is not love, save as it hath made us strong
To meet stern duties that remorseless throng
For doing. Some may fail, but you and I
Should be invincible, to live or die;
To wage firm battle against sin and wrong;
To wait — that's hardest, dear, however long
For joys withheld, and God to answer why;
To say good-bye, if we must parted be.
Had we but half loved, then we might complain —
For parting were murdered possibility.
But loving, Love, so perfectly,
We dare to smile at parting's pain.

WINNIE DAVIS

Under the Stars and Stripes,
    How still she lies;
How pale the sunny face,
    Death-closed the eyes.
Outside, a people mourn,
    Gray coats and blue;
Bands play a solemn dirge;
    Tears all unbidden surge
In eyes still true.

Under the Stars and Stripes,
    As a lily fair,
There lies a girlish form —
    What else lies there?
Hush! For "The Lost Cause" she
    Stood brave and true.
Faithful her woman's heart;
    Love filled, from hate apart, —
Off, caps of blue!

Half-mast the Stars and Stripes
    Over a girl!
Stilled are triumphal shouts;
    Old flags we furl,

Warm hearts beat sadly 'neath
Gray coats and Blue.
"Our daughter," say the Gray;
"Yours and ours; One to-day,"
Whisper the Blue.

THE WALTZ

Oh, sparkling eyes of beauty
Where love gleams shyly through;
Oh, snowy throats fair rounded,
By glistening jewels surrounded,
And then by soft lace bounded,
I yield myself to you!

Oh, flowers on warm breasts dying,
You thrill me with your scent!
The music, swift entrancing;
The lights the scene enhancing;
And Strength with Beauty dancing
In love's abandonment —

Oh, yielding forms of beauty,
Oh, feet that spurn the floor —
While grace each move's adorning,
Who cares for Time's cruel warning?
Let's dance on till the morning —
Dance on, — and round once more!

A RAG BAG

A little bit of silk and a tiny bit of lace,
Some calico, some linen, a veil that touched her face;
And here's a piece of ruffle that might have clasped
her throat —
That beautiful, that tender, that snowy little
throat!

Last winter at a party she wore a gown of this;
I told her that I loved her and slyly stole a kiss.
The roses on her bosom weren't half as fair as she
When in that gown of pure white silk she said she
cared for me.

The flowers were all about her, the music sounded
low,
The dancing was half over, we thought we ought to
go,
But I — oh, well, no matter! I'll keep the piece of
silk.
It knows the whole sweet story — that dainty piece
of silk.

This lace, ah, sad remembrance! We'd had a lover's
fight.
She said it all was over — I stayed awake all night.

But next day, when I saw her, I claimed that I had slept
Until that tear-bathed bit of lace told me that she had wept.

And so the lacen fragment we'll put away, my dear.
That calico, you're holding, an apron was last year,
And 'round her waist she tightly would draw its lucky strings, —
Oh yes, I want to save it among the other things.

The linen, well, that linen perhaps is from the case
Which held the downy pillow, which held her sleeping face;
And then the veil which touched lips where only love has pressed,
Why, take the veil and linen and put them with the rest!

You think I'm foolish, do you, and you'd exchange for tin
Romantic little fragments I wrap my mem'ry in?
Ah, well, she smiles more wisely, for she knows one who knows
A bride who's unromantic, but keeps last winter's rose!

THE TIRELESS SENTINEL

"A tree had grown in the neglected moat of the old, walled, French town."

"Ho! outpost, what are the tidings?
What see you on the plain?
From the moat run dry
Shout back the cry!
Is't fight or fly —
Can we make stand again?"

The outpost stooping and straining,
Peers far across the plain.
"I see outspread
A million head
In lines," he said —
"A field of golden grain."

"Look, outpost, see those campfires
Far scattered o'er the plain!"
"I've missed no light.
The stars to-night
Are wondrous bright —
They gleam above the grain."

"But, outpost, what those footfalls? —
Who marches in the plain?"
"I hear," he said,
"A stealthy tread" —
He bowed his head —
"Love walks where men were slain."

"Then, outpost, why yet stand guard;
Your patience, what, denotes?"
"With carried arm
To still alarm,
For none shall harm
Where poplars watch in moats."

WHEN PHYLLIS IS IN TOWN

When Phyllis is in town the city is no longer austere and dignified. It becomes bewitching. Love is always full of sweet surprises, but at this time one may chance on a surprise at any moment and at any turn — for Phyllis may be there! When Phyllis is in town the very streets are glorified because she walks upon them; the trolley cars are possible chariots since her dainty foot may mount the steps; and every closed carriage is worth looking into, lest her dear face be hidden in its shadows. You cannot know whether she may not be just around the corner, and whether, most tantalizing secret, she be in the crowd before you or behind you! Because she may be anywhere, her presence pervades the city.

When Phyllis is in town, the windows of the florists tug at heart-strings and at purse strings; the confectioners' tempting trays plead sweetly for the little mouth; the windows of the milliners unaccustomedly attract, for in them are plumes, of which one may get on Phyllis's hat; the windows of the jewelers fascinate, for in them are wedding-rings; and as to the windows of the great department stores, showing petticoats galore — ah, what thumping of the heart, what furtive glances, lest Phyllis

be somewhere looking! Shall we ever see Phyllis and such things together? Can the thought be ventured?

When Phyllis is in town the music of her voice is in every tingle of the telephone, because — perhaps — she asked that it should ring; the crowds are gayer and walk more blithely, since she may be there; and the church has a strangely romantic fascination where Phyllis sings, demurely listens, or kneels in prayer. Dear Phyllis, what has she to pray for if it be not to intercede for you!

When Phyllis is in town, the changes of the weather create a picture-gallery. It never rains that you do not have a vision of tight curls, a halo of unbrella, a rain-coat and the lower portion of a little pair of shoes. The skies are never blue and the weather warm, that you do not see the fluttering flounces of a summer gown that tantalize and fascinate by their unsteadiness. And when the snow flies and the wind blows cold, two eyes peer laughingly above a muff.

When Phyllis is in town, the world is such a great big funny spectacle for you and her to look and laugh at; and when she goes, it is such a dreary, solemn drama!

GOING AWAY

There are few cities in this country where there are as many literary clubs, or as much literary and social discussion as in Hartford, Conn. The result is easy to see. For a small city Hartford has furnished us with a surprisingly large number of litterati, and famous lawyers and clergymen. In one of the clubs the subject of discussion says the *Courant*, was "The Curse." One, who was fond of gardening and reading the Bible, said it was weeds and thistles, another more original and very serious, said, "It is going away." This was the first thing that the angel with the sword told Adam and Eve to do, and it has been going on ever since. Just as we begin to find what Eden is and what sort of trees grow in it, there comes a two edged sword, and away we have to go. There is a great deal of truth in this, but more, probably, for some temperaments than others. Some people seem never so happy as when they are going away, but most of us have more of the vegetable in us. We have only to be in one place for a little while to become attached to it — to feel our affection, like tendrils, winding about its persons and places and binding us to them with cords of friendships and love. The breaking away seems hard and cruel, the roots

that are holding us tightly must be cut off sharp, and the tendrils, be they ever so gently untwisted, will still hang in rings that, alas, are empty. Nor is the suffering selfish, only; we must break or untwist the tendrils that others have wound about us, and however charming and attractive the new places prove, there will still be spots in our being which the new cords do not touch; and our own affections will find, always, something in the new that differs from the old we had learned to love. There are times, of course, when going away is a relief. The gambler, who went to a Sunday School picnic when he thought he was going to a prize fight, was so glad to get back that he was glad he went; but even in his case the joy of the second departure was due to the misery of the first. We Americans are called nomadic, but most of us always turn up again, at the old stand, and ready to sing, with all our hearts, our national "Home Sweet Home."

THE REPLY

(Maud S. to Nancy Hanks)

Dear Nancy, I've received your note,
And Nan, it really made me titter!
You felt so gleeful when you wrote
You never guessed the pill was bitter —
At least to Sunol. I, of course,
Know envy's far beneath a horse.

Yes Nancy Hanks, you're very fast;
But ah, Maud S. was once a hummer!
I don't think Nancy, if you da'st
You could your record smash this summer,
As I did in a season dear,
And four times — five times very near!

Old horses, like old ladies, find
Their former conquest quite diverting,
My "wild oats" — your's may prove that kind —
All blossomed laurels; but no more reverting!
A "bud," you may think Maud S. slow,
But money's made the old mare go!

I only meant to show in this
That though I follow where you're going,

You cannot call me "sulky," miss,
Although I *am* tired with your blowing.
Goodbye then, dear, you lead the race,
2.07's the record — 2.08 my pace!

2.08, three-quarters, how men stared!
They even said, "Twas Maud S. taught her,"
When little boys your time compared —
You claimed 2.07-¼?
Best wishes, Nan. You've earned my laud,
In haste, your fast and close, friend, Maud.

PREMEDITATED SUICIDE

I ask a glass of water or of claret or of beer;
I go to kiss a pretty maid; she turns away with fear.
I eat some lemon-jelly that's been standing on the sill,
And they tell me all are loaded — that they're warranted to kill.

I put a pencil to my lips; I gulp down pounds of air;
I visit all the cattle at the Wayback county fair.
I buy a paper of a boy and handle dollar bills,
And they tell me every one of these has that on it which kills.

I'm not much up in science, but I know a thing or two;
I know that if I do not eat or drink or kiss a few
Of those fashionable dreaded germs I certainly will die,
For I'd have to give up breathing to escape the bacilli.

Bacteria, bacteria! I'm not afraid of you.
The world will roll around the sun for all that you can do;

So on dollars and on papers and on kisses and on food
Just hand me common bacilli — I'm not a science dude.

And what's the use of living if you cannot eat or drink;
If pretty girls and dollar bills, and even printer's ink
And county fairs and pencils are only other terms
For the rapid-transit system of the scientific germs?

KISSING

Why is kissing so pleasant?
Kesmack, kesmack!
One gives away something —
And gets it back!
He purses his lips,
She shuts her eyes,
He presents their tips —
To her great surprise!
And then, in a moment, it's done —
Or, rather, it's just begun.
Kesmack, kesmack!
There's never a lack
Of reasons why kissing is pleasant.

And kissing ought to be pleasant —
Kesmack, kesmack!
There are certain nerves to be tickled
(And tickled back!) —
The nerves of the jaws,
The lips and teeth,
If touching, cause —
So pedants teach —
Electrical currents that thrill,

Whatever or not the will.
So smack! kesmack!
There can't be a lack
Of reasons why kissing is pleasant.

AUTUMN DAYS AND DAWN

We have been having some perfect autumn days, the slow and tender beginning of the postlude of the year, the rest between the fruitage and dissolution, the tranquil twilight before the winter darkness drives away the summer light. And while these slow days fade, and the glory of the foliage falls, and the night draws closer to the morning, until the autumn sunshine gleams like a tinted, wavering opal caught in sombre setting, we enthuse about the beauty of the sunset; the softness of the color so magically painted by the autumn haze. But one should see the rarer, softer loveliness of the dawning! It is easy enough to see it now, and many have to, for as late as 6 o'clock it is at the full tide. The glow begins so mildly, in power and dominion rises so tranquilly over the eastern sky, that gentleness more than irresistibleness seems its dominant quality. The little suggestion of color, the soft diffusion of the light, which is not yet a glow, the warming of the sky, are like the gentle crescendo of music. And as it rises the dominant chord appears, and thrills, and leads at last! It is not Aurora driving her chariot over the sky, but the dream of Aurora; and suddenly the dream, ever more vivid and lovely,

is realized. Then the last of the stars fade away, that beautiful gentle morning star that had shone in the East like the gleaming tip of a spear, born by a martial herald of day! There is a promise fulfilled, a new life begun.

ALUMNI AND COMMENCEMENT

A college commencement is the meeting time on common ground of old and new alumni. Graduates of many years' standing, veterans in many a battle of life, gainers and losers of youths' ideals, here meet and alike extend the hand of fellowship and sympathy to the confident young men and women who have still so much to learn. Is it altogether just and wisest, then, that the younger graduates should do the talking? Theirs be the flowers, the diplomas, and medals; theirs to a slight extent the chance to show high ideals, to express high courage, and thought, and purpose; but more of the speaking should be from the victors in life's race, from those of the alumni whose fine deeds have raised high their own name and that of the college. Let theirs be the glory on commencement day. The college that gives them degrees of honor has not done all that it might. Let it ask them to speak to the young graduates and to their brother alumni on a question of the day, let it stimulate them to the best expression of their highest thought. More than half the pride of an institution, the glamor that it has for the young, is in the prominence of this and that alumnus. The names of such are inspiring to every student, their

careers a recommendation of the college. While they live they have the power, by throwing heart and soul into a ringing address, to create real intellectual enthusiasm among faculty, graduates, and undergraduates that shall redound to their own fame, to the honor of the college and to the betterment of the world. Broader and stronger than that of the speech of ever so bright a senior must be the influence of their addresses; for he who sees an ideal has something to dream of, he who wills to gain it something to whisper; but he who has attained what youth dreamt and manhood willed should be asked to cry out his victory, to point the way with its pitfalls and aids to those who struggle in weariness, and to those others so full of hope but whose journey is only begun. Then we should see what a college education can do for a man; commencements would gain a popular interest; the young graduates would enter the contest of life with a better understanding of the fierceness of the struggle and the grandeur of victory; while, above all, the stimulus of the college to fine deeds and finer endeavor would extend beyond the college halls, beyond the beginning of the new life to which commencement is the portal. The last lesson would be the most helpful and the grandest in the college course.

THE LOOK OF LOVE

You ask me the color of her eyes,
  But though I often gaze I cannot tell.
For whether joy and love and sweet surprise,
  Trembling there in maiden shyness dwell,
    Is the matter I most prize.

You ask me if she be dark or fair,
  If she be tall or short, and what the tint
Of her long, waving silken, sun-kissed hair;
  And though I look and, looking, know no stint,
    I have to say I do not care.

For would I love her less if she were dead?
  Yet then I should not see her veiled eyes
And all the color from her pale cheeks fled
  Would leave me not the beauty. Nor where lies
    Her still form would love's dreams be led.

I still should love her, and in thought I'd see
  Not eyes of blue nor curling hair of gold,
Nor estimate her height; but, calling me
  With some loved name, I'd hear her, and behold
    Her as she still is — untold!

HER OPAL RING

Like my lady's self is her opal ring,
Beautiful and rare, bright and glittering.
Brilliant as a jewel caught in golden band,
(Like the opal's self on her snowy hand),
Flashing as a star in a summer sky,
Gleam my lady's eyes, when th'are others by.

Like my lady's self is her opal ring,
Beautiful and fair, mildly glittering.
Soft as eyes that gaze into eyes that love,
Tender as the glow of setting sun above.
Lovely as a rose dying on the heart
Is my lady's glance — all the world apart.

Like my lady's self is her opal ring,
Beautiful and rare, coldly glittering,
Changing as the waves on a sea of blue,
As a cloudy sky where the moon shines through,
Yet, in every light, mid each changing tone,
There still shines one ray born for me alone!

TO MY LOVE

Softly retreating the shadows,
Chasing each other at will,
Flee from the stab of the moonbeam
Playing on casement and sill.
Silently fly, Oh, ye shadows!
Silently dance, Oh, ye beams!
There a fair maiden is sleeping,
There my beloved one dreams.

Gently the breezes are blowing,
Bending the trees as they pass.
Softly the dew, in descending,
Kisses the flowers and the grass.
Silently fall, Oh, ye dew drops!
Silently blow, gentle breeze!
There a fair maiden is sleeping —
Quietly bend, oh, ye trees!

A LUNAR TELEPHONE

The lamps of heaven are lighted,
  The pale moon smiles above —
She smiles at me — waking, watching —
  She smiles at my sleeping love.

Oh moon! you know not your fortune,
  Or how could you scorn the treat
Of seeing my love, forever,
  Of giving her kisses sweet?

You kiss her cheek, and care not,
  You stroke her pretty hand —
Oh moon! you are cold and heartless.
  But why don't you understand?

Perhaps you do, for you send me
  For wires, some silvery beams.
Through which my love I'll whisper
  For you to repeat in dreams.

MY CASTLE

I own a most beautiful castle, —
  But its only "a castle in Spain."
Its walls are all ivied and hoary,
And every stone has its story.
A tale of my ancestors' glory,
  In my beautiful "castle in Spain."

I walk in the park of my castle, —
  My mystic old "castle in Spain" —
I walk with a girl tall and slender,
I whisper my sentiments tender
And bid her at once to surrender,
  Which she does — in my "castle in Spain."

But here in my newspaper office,
  So far from my "castle in Spain."
I find a great change in condition,
I'm oppressed with a vague intuition
That perhaps it was all just a vision,
  And I'll ne'er see my castle again.

WITH SOME ROSES

Oh, ye dainty, pretty rosebuds,
Tinted with a sunset glow,
As if Nature's blushes, captured,
Lingered ere you let them go.

How I envy you your fortune!
Would that I were one of you!
Just to feel her love around me,
Then to die, as you will do.

Rocked to sleep, as she will rock you
With the motion of her breast;
Kissed by all her gentle breathings,
Thus to leave all love's unrest.

THE NEW YEAR

When, with thought of the passing old year and the entrance of the new, we shout "The king is dead; long live the king!" do we realize with what accuracy we speak? For the fact is, the calendar is our master, is the tyrant of the age. Fortunately, it is never passionate. We speak of time flying; but we know that it is not true. Leaf by leaf, steadily, quietly, never faster, never slower, the calendar marks the passage of the days. One may have had a very happy year; but one cannot say that the tyrant has been kind. He has been pitiless, merciless. The day we dreaded has come as surely and relentlessly as the day we longed for. Stern, unyielding, unsympathetic, our tyrant—careless of good and ill, of joy and sorrow, of press of work or idleness—has been unmoved by any wish, and has ruled us with a tyrant's rod. The tyrant has, however, been absolutely just. Every day we looked for has come around, has come and gone precisely on scheduled time; and if we have not done all we meant to do on some occasion, it has not been from any deviation of the calendar from the precise programme outlined twelve long months ago. We have wished that the days and nights would hurry sometimes, we have

longed to detain them; but our tyrant never yields. Hung on the wall, standing on the desk, disguised in satins and silks, adorned with painted flowers, or in the guise of well-known men or women—we its minions, the clocks and watches its police—the calendar has been the tyrant of the age.

With so many the new year calendar is a Christmas present, that the sense of strangeness and the novelty have quite worn off by New Year's day, and so transition from the old year to the new is made with little shock or sense of wonderment. But whenever the new year calendar is taken for the first time in one's hands, it is with a very natural and fitting—if somewhat shamefacedly brief and hidden—mingling of curiosity and dread. Who has not, idly turning the pages, wondered which are the days that are destined to stand out in memory; which is to be the happiest and which the saddest day of the year; and what is to be the particular nature of its joy or grief? A yellow journal of New York—which is to say one seeking popularity very desperately—has offered a prize to the reader who shall most accurately forecast the most notable events of 1898. The circumstance is evidence of how general is a secret wonderment regarding what the opening year may have in store for individual and the world, what secrets are enfolded in the calendar's non-committal

leaves, what will be our verdict when all its history is written, when the year's work is done. Some there are, curiously turning the calendar leaves, who pause all unconscious on a day that they will never see. But no warning is written on the page, no hint that there the calendar stops for them.

SUNSET

The sun had just set and all the western sky was aglow with yellow that shaded into orange. There was not a cloud to be seen, except far away to the north, where a thin gray film hung, like the blown away veil of a Quakeress. Overhead the brilliant western gold, speaking of glorious promise, faded by infinitely fine degrees into a soft and deepening blue; and just in the midst of her dreamy sea the white moon rode, sedate and silent, with a single golden star, that might have dropped overboard, from her possible cargo of jewels. The air was still, clear, and cool, and in the quieter streets the snow glistened in the moonlight, just as it does in mid-winter. The night, too, was glorious, fulfilling in its peaceful serenity the promise of the evening.

IDOL REPAIRING

A China correspondent writes to the Independent of the itinerant idol repairers of the East. These men, journeying from temple to temple in the rural districts, repair the shrunken forms, broken legs and arms, worn whiskers, and cracked heads of the Chinese idols. The worshippers take the need of repairs on the part of their gods as a matter of course, and doubtless are filled with new zeal and devotion when the itinerant mender completes his labors. Usually the cost is met by one afflicted with an evil spirit, who thinks thus to rid himself of the unwelcome guest. What a blessing it would be if we could have idol repairers! What vast sums would gladly be paid the man who could set up again our fallen gods, who could give them the strength and beauty that they had when new! But we are more exacting than simple John Chinaman. We are not content that our deities should wear out, however hard we use them; and once worn their divinity is gone forever. How many times an idol slips and falls. It is not seriously, permanently, hurt. The Chinaman would mend the broken leg and set it up again, but we lose hope and faith. A single slip destroys divinity, and henceforth we are unhappy believing that

our idols have proved false. We should be happier in the long run if we did not expect in our gods more than flesh and blood can give; if we admitted the human tendency to error; and granted that, for all the slips, the heart might still be good, just as the scent is unharmed by crushing the flower, and the divinity of the Chinese idol undestroyed by its broken form. But while faith lasted it would be less high and pure, and it is something, though we end on earth together, to have been the one nearest heaven.

VACATIONS

The Buffalo "Express" says: "Have an aim in your vacation," and there are no better words to say at a better time. There is nothing quite so dreary as a purposeless vacation, nothing so tiring as a loll. When you are at your desk, with a pile of work before you so high that you can hardly see the green fields, or hear the noise of the surf, or smell the pine woods, that all lie beyond; it seems to you that a rest would be an ideal vacation. But unless you really are sick you will be happier for something to do. It does not make much difference what you do. Very likely your daily work does not shake the earth; but even if it does, the earth doesn't expect you to shake it with no intermission, and you are quite free to do as you please on a vacation. And then, as the "Express" says, "The man who climbs a mountain for the mere sake of getting to the top, may not thereby offer anything to science or philanthropy; but the chances are that in his own stimulated mental and physical condition he has done something toward the betterment of the human average." It sounds far-fetched perhaps, but any philosopher will say it is true. And of course that settles the matter. So, when you go off on your

vacation, have an object in view. Collect rocks or mosquitoes, ride a bicycle somewhere, fish as though you had to feed an army on a Friday, or walk and climb. Very likely the reason that Youth so prizes its vacation as compared with Age, is that Youth lets its energy drive it to something, while Age is lazy. One is tempted to think that the young people who work so hard for their fun, have, after all, the true secret of resting.

SUMMER AND LAZINESS

With the coming of real summer a spirit of laziness comes over one. The Sandman of childhood, who used to go about throwing grains of sleepiness into our eyes, is a greater — if less mysterious — monster now. His breath is the soft South wind; his costume includes a broad brimmed hat, tan shoes, and an outing suit. He catches us in his hammock net, and his destroying weapon — alas! — is a novel. His method of procedure is interesting. It consists largely in a disintegration of society. All winter we have had a pride in keeping busy, do-nothingness has been a horror to us; society has forbidden us to "laze" in the evenings, organized clubs have required our unremitting attention, subscription-papers have kept us busy earning the money that we felt it a duty to subscribe. No grass has grown under our feet. If we had a spare hour in the day some of us devoted it to self improvement, and the rest of us to the improvement of others. It depends upon your character whether you adopt humility and aspiration as your leisure hour virtues, or whether you choose to pose as a philanthropist, a patriot, and a charity worker. Somebody has said that all the world's best work is done in its leisure

hours. We don't quite think that, because we think that the necessary work is truly the best, but we do think that a great deal of the culture, polish, and comfort of the world is the result of its leisure hours. And now, suddenly, society falls apart. The warm sun comes, and lo! The clubs are disbanded, the subscription papers cease going round, the evenings are free, and the various integral parts of that great machine that has kept you jumping all winter are shipped to the seaside, the mountains, the lakes, — anywhere, that isn't at home. Some of them find in the summer places enough of the missing pieces to make a new machine, but those who stay at home, or go into the solitudes suddenly find themselves with many leisure hours. The improvement craze is over, though. The leisure time is only negatively improved in the mental rest and the building up of vigor for the winter. We Americans live so hard during nine or ten months of the year that the holiday season should be more strictly observed here than anywhere else — and we are not sure that it isn't, though there is still some room for improvement.

PATHS (FOOTPRINTS)

We city folk cannot see much of the poet-sung trails of the wood and paths of the country, but on a snowy winter's evening, or in the morning, we can successfully study the paths of a busy people. It is an interesting subject and well worth while, if it happens you never before have thought of it. If soon enough after the storm you may see even the footprints of the pioneer; and with that and the character of the trail to aid you, why shouldn't you form most accurate theories, compose little stories founded on indisputable facts? If there is any doubt you can follow the steps until they turn in somewhere or are lost in a better beaten track. Perhaps two pairs of shoes have left a mark, and you can use your detective qualities in deciding whether they went together, whether one was a woman's and one a man's; whether they ever paused, and if so, why? Oh, you can have a beautiful time if there are the impressions of two kinds of shoes, pointed in the same direction! If they go in opposite ways it is interesting to look for the point where they passed, and when you get to it you will have to decide whether the owners stopped and spoke. And all the time, as you discover with great surprise

when you turn, you have been making a path yourself! It does a fellow good, at such a time to stand on the step and look back at the path he has made. He'll find his sins, his indecision, his dreaminess, his possible toeing-in; all plainly written behind him.

TREES AND SPRING FOLIAGE

A child walking in a forest is quoted as saying: "Do the trees admire each other's new clothes?" It is an essentially poetic notion, and recalls Macaulay's dictum that one must be a child before one can be a poet. Only, nowadays, if the poet really meant it, and felt the answer to his question, he might not ask it; and if he did ask it one would suspect him of posing. There is that in the attitude of the freshly clothed trees that is marvelously life-like. Doubtless everyone has enough of the poet in him to notice it, only most of us are too sophisticated to let ourselves dwell on the thought. We hear them rustle with half whispered pleasure, we see them wave their branches as though trying the effect of light and shade on different parts, we see their tall heads bend this way and that in gracious admiration, and we notice that the cherry tree no sooner dons its fair spring bonnet than the peach, the apple, and the pear tree follow, each making a slight departure, with a little more pink or a little more white, from the admired bonnet of its neighbor, and yet keeping so near it as to be unmistakably in the fashion. There is a little criticism now and then, we suppose; and quite an unmistakable effort on

the part of the maples, the birches, and the chestnuts to outdo one another; but on the whole the feeling seems to be one of joy, and the early spring a sort of gala occasion. The same thing could be noticed no doubt, and perhaps to greater extent, among the wild flowers, had we city folk half the chance. It is the first of "The Season" for all vegetation, and it isn't until midsummer that the belles of the field and the wood begin to look jaded and worn, and the fine gowns a bit rusty from use. The ardor of the lover-sun has then become wearisome, and the distant admiration of night's cool stars is welcomed.

THE PEN

Oh, cherish the ink-covered pen,
And think of the women and men
Whose fortunes its made or undone,
Whose hearts it has broken or won —
That little obedient pen,
That steel little ink-covered pen!

THE MAID OF THE MIST

Born at the fall of the waters,
  Where the great pure stream descends
To a wild embrace, with a laughing face
  And a love that naught transcends;

Born where the river had fallen,
  Where it lies in weary sleep,
And where Death's hands rest on its placid breast
  And no cry comes out the deep;

Sprung from the tears of the river,
  Where the dead and living kissed,
She at love's own sign, like a thing divine,
  Has aris'n—the Maid of Mist!

Mutely appealing, in anguish
  She is waving sinuous arms.
While her garments white, as they flutter light,
  Only half conceal her charms.

THE WIND ON THE PRAIRIE

I hear a distant warwhoop,
  The rush of stealthy feet;
I feel the breath of runners—
  Of runners who are fleet.
I'd fain escape, but strong arms
  Are clutching from behind—
The spirits of dead Indians
  Are riding on the wind.

STARS

Oh beautiful stars of the heavens
  So peaceful and calm in your home,
Like jewels on the Infinite bosom
  Ye glimmer, the lights of our dome!

Ye count not the miles in the ether;
  Ye know not the struggles below—
Our sorrows, contentions, and strivings;
  Forever untroubled ye glow!

So silent, so steadfast, unchanging!
  The same God whose power ye declare,
"Directeth our paths" through the shadows,
  Our loved ones are safe in His care.

And thus, gentle watchers of ev'ning,
While lovers and loved share thy light
They feel that the same God is o'er them—
  The same stars are bidden: "Good Night!"

THE FOUR WINDS

The East

From out of the glorious East,
From skies that are crimson and gold,
From the beautiful gates of the great unknown
Where the morning sun in its splendor shone,
Thou ridest, oh breath of the East,—
The symbol of birth, behold!

The North

With shout and the roar of the gale
Thou travellest down from the North—
Thoughts of tempest and storm in thy throbbing brain,
Prizes thou by night and by force must gain,
To battle thou journeyest forth,—
Oh, symbol of strength, prevail!

The South

But thou from the South hath stolen,
With whispers of love and wine.
Ah, the light that gleams in a maiden's eyes
Has been fanned to flame by thy languorous sighs,—
By thee, from the Southland stolen,
Oh symbol of youth divine!

The West

Then over the fields of the West,
Advancing as grain stalks bend,
Where the ling'ring sun with its blushes red
Throws a last long kiss ere the day is dead,
Thou comest to tell of final rest—
Of strife and of love at end.

OCTOBER-WALKING, SUNSETS, AND DEATH

What weather for walking is that of these bright October days! And how few persons really walk in them! All sorts of athletic exercises are the fashion now; all sorts of new, strange, and unnatural modes, while the good old-fashioned one of walking is quite overlooked or ignored. In the city the cars take one anywhere, so swiftly and smoothly, that we think we have no time to walk; and in the country it is so much easier to "hitch up," that almost everybody rides a mile instead of walking it. But there is nothing after all quite as good as a walk, as a careless, easy stride for a few miles in the city or the country; when one can fill one's lungs with the bracing summer air, and feast one's eyes on the gorgeous coloring of the trees and twilight skies. It is the time that comes but now and then to all of us, when man and nature are brought face to face, when the divine in man recognizes the divinity of nature, and he feels his soul expanded and uplifted, while all the petty cares of life flow fast away, and death itself—life's hardest trial because it is life's antithesis—seems as beautiful, calm, and natural as the coming of night, starry and mysterious, after the heat of day.

And the new world, the new life, which the dying enters, seems to lie just beyond that glorious, golden portal of the west—unruffled, unlimited, and where there is no darkness in the night.

HOPE AND THE NEW YEAR

In a New Year's editorial the Philadelphia *Press* says: "The world expects every man and woman to make a success of his or her life. Failure is not hoped for." Undoubtedly this is true. Just a moment's thought will show it, and yet most of us go through life on a different plan. In fighting and struggling for success one imagines that he is fighting all the rest of the world, and that he is his own only ally. This is very flattering to himself, for in reality he is fighting no one but himself, and the world merely looks on in a friendly sort of way, not, as a whole, particularly interested until one side or the other seems pretty sure to win; but ready to cry "bravo" whenever a good stroke is made, or to point the finger of scorn when a blow is clumsily dodged. Of course the world has its favorites, but favoritism never yet won a genuine battle, and it would be absurd to imagine that there is not room for twice as many successes as there now are. Probably the thing that makes New Year's day pleasanter than the last day of the old year, is the element of hope. The year that is past has nothing but experience; the year to come has nothing but hope; and

there never yet was a man who did not prefer an expectation to a reality. Realities always have their drawbacks. When we hope for a thing we omit the disagreeable features and looking into the new year we hope nothing but success; while, looking back on the old, we see ever so many failures. It may be added, too, that every one lives in the future. The present is just as hard a thing to discover, as the scientists' atom, for the instant you find it, it is past. You can't think quick enough to catch it before it is gone; and the past, which is history, has always been a "grind" as compared with the possible future.

SUMMER AND AUTUMN

There is little evidence yet in nature, to the untrained eye, that summer is passing; though here and there in the country a red glow on exposed branches of the maple, or on the climbing woodbine, is like a promise of autumnal fires; and the longer evenings, bringing more and more of day time into shadow, whisper that summer nights are gone. Without violence or jar the change steals upon us, and where fair Summer stood and smiled we soon shall find the darker Autumn. Though Summer will still linger a while. There is just the suggestion now of Autumn's coming, the beginning of anticipation, the knowledge that hot days are numbered, that four weeks at most will bring us Autumn. Yet Summer still is fair and strong, still wears a gown of unfaded verdure, yet will show youth's ardor ere she steals away. Her kisses now are of farewell, however, as sweet, as long, impulsive as before, and yet farewell. The harvests tell that summer's work is nearly over, and when the page of August is torn from the calendar we know that a turning point of the year has come. We shall not see the transformation, but before September leaves us Summer will have fled. There are four corners in the year.

Three of them are curved, so that you may not know just when you turn them—only when the calendar first reads "April," first reads "June," first reads "September," you know that there has been a mighty change. From December into January the turn is sharp.

OCTOBER

One of the most beautiful months of the year is drawing to its close. There would be no object in telling the number of days on which the sun has shone, in computing the unusually high mean temperature, or the absence of storms, of gales, or of sudden and violent changes in temperature. We are aware of it all, and look back on the vanishing month as one in which Nature has been almost perfect in our sight. Her work of the year was over, the winter snows had been melted, the tender flowers of spring had been carefully nurtured, the trees had put forth their fresh green leaves, the fields had waved with ripening grain, and the delicate blossoms of May had ripened into the luscious fruits of September. There was little more to be done. Like a painter whose picture was nearly finished Nature has lingered over the finishing touches, has put in the last rich tints, the last flakes of light and the last lines of shade. Her magic wand with which for six months she has made the earth bring forth food, and serve purposes of utility in which beauty should be only secondary, has this month touched the fields and woodlands with lovelier purpose, and bade them don their gayest colors, for the work of the year is done. The maples

have wrapped themselves in gold, the sumach in streamers of red. The soft maples have blushed at the farewell kiss of the dying fall, or caught, in their leaves, the red glow of the summer sun. The oaks, their foliage green and bright as in early June, have bordered the edge of their leaves with crimson, and the country stands still and breathless in her gay attire. But now white Death is coming, and his cold breath, and the whir of his flying garments, will announce that beautiful Nature is dead. Then the gay robes will be put aside, the leaves will fall from the trees; and meadow, field, and woodland will cry, "Let me die, too." And they will die, and the heavens will spread a white pall over the stricken earth; which time will change to the birth-robes of a new born year.

EASTER AND CHRISTMAS

Easter and Christmas are the two great days of the Christian year, the two most broadly observed, and into whose observance Christendom most throws its heart and loving spirit. Their commemoration has increased of late, as religion has swung back from the stern plainness of Puritanism. And as signal fires once traveled swiftly, striding giant-like from hill to hill, so now the advancing sun of Easter morn and Christmas is accompanied by a wave of song, of anthem and of carol, that belts the earth with gladness as the sun has belted it with the light of the gala, holy day. But in the observance of Easter and of Christmas, one notices a wide difference of tendency. Christmas is, and always has been, more secularized. No doubt something of this is due to the circumstance that Easter must always fall on Sunday. But more, we believe, is in the spirit of the day. The central figure of religion's Christmas is a Mother with new born Child, divine indeed and beautiful, but not beyond the power of man to image. The central figure of the Easter is a risen Lord, death vanquished in such a way as only faith can see. Joy goes naturally with the thought of birth, tears with the thought of death, solemn and

awful mystery that a symbol still more wondrous turns at Eastertide to holy gladness. There is no temptation in the true spirit of Easter to feast and make merry. Love that laughed at Christmas smiles now, with trust, through tears. One gets the difference even in the Biblical account, where the birth is heralded as "tidings of great joy;" and the resurrection with the words, all comforting, all pitying, "Woman, why weepest thou?"

The difference in the popular celebration of Christmas and of Easter is of beautiful significance. In the churches the difference is more in thought than expression. On both occasions the joyousness of the music is the main feature, and as far as the sound goes there is not so very much difference. But in the popular celebration of the day there is a very sharp distinction between the joyous faith of Easter and the secularized delight of "Merry Christmas." The difference in the feeling regarding the two days here finds untrammelled expression; and the world that would mix hanging stockings, a fabled, jolly, toymaker saint, mince pies, and plum pudding with the sweet Christmas story; mingles with its Easter feeling nothing foreign to the wonder of the miracle itself; and recognizes, with a true and beautiful intuition, that only God's own flowers, the purity of the lilies especially, can express the solemn, the beau-

tiful, mysterious gladness of that day. Over the Cross the flowers are wound, into memorial wreaths, or gathered in beautiful offerings. Nor at the church alone, but by individual to individual they are given, carrying that direct, comforting, wonderful, question that for hundreds of years has stilled the twanging chords of breaking hearts, or touched them into harmony with the triumphant song of her love. They are a recognition by the world, which is prone to magnify its own capacity, that for once nothing of its own make or planning is fair enough and pure enough to express its feelings, in the holy joy of Easter.

LONGEVITY, AGE AND DEATH

There can be no doubt that the interest in longevity is very great and general, but it is equally clear that the interest is not in old age, per se; but in the postponement of dying. Nobody wants to be old; but perpetual youth is not to be found, and so the only alternative is death. Between death and age the world grabs with pitiful eagerness at feeble and tottering years of deafness and blindness—not from love, but from fear of the unknown. It faces weakness, sorrow, loneliness, and misunderstanding; it chooses an easy chair and a broken tea-cup, when it might be "sitting on a cloud a-singing," where sorrow and tears will be no more! The real secret of living, then, is dying. Teach us not to keep a feeble soul and a feeble body together by some pitifully fragile thread, that the smallest excitement or activity will sever; but teach us to die calmly, bravely, and gladly when life's best days are over; to take the step without dread or fear that leads from the youth that is passing to the youth immortal. That will be a lesson well worth learning, well worth teaching. It will exalt humanity by breaking down the barrier that those who cling to terrestrial life would put between it and eternity. Which is most

inspiring, most ennobling, in which is the secret of life best solved, in the career of the dame who lived to be a hundred-and-ten, and was able to smoke a pipe of tobacco every morning and to be wheeled out of doors for a half-hour until she was 105, burdening her great-great-grandchildren; or in the career of the young woman, or man, cut off in the prime of life, in the rush of activities, and laid to rest by weeping friends to be thought of forever as loving, unselfish, and busy? Which of these survives longest in the thought of the world?

Let us learn, then, to die; the lesson will surely be needed; and if we live, let us live as well as we can, without fear of shortening our career, for the dying day is bound to come, and, whatever the tombstone says, one lives in deeds and in love, not years.

TOMBS

Ah, why are we so slow to learn the lesson that there is but one tomb which is truly noble, but one mausoleum that time does not corrode? We see again and again among our contemporaries and in history that only he is great in death who is great in glorious memory; that love is purer than alabaster, more lasting than granite, more precious than jewels. We who would raise a beautiful sepulcher for ourselves should raise it in fine deeds, fine thoughts, and fine words; and then no spire of stone will rise so high as the inspiration of the memory we leave; no masses at high altar make so powerful a benediction as the tears of those who mourn. A little of nature's greensward then, a bit of "God's acre," where the flowers may bloom above us, is resting place noble enough for the noblest, if their memory but abide with the living! That spot may well be more consecrated than all the dusty tombs with broken nose and fingered effigies that fill the royal chapels of Westminster.

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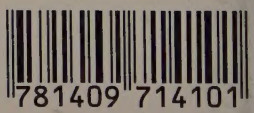

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